

( 1 )

A

K B., J.

# LETTER

FROM

A Gentleman in *Manchester*,  
To his Friend,

Concerning a

**Notorious Blasphemer,**

Who Died in Despair, &c.

Licens'd, Decemb. 28th. 1694.

Dear S I R,



**T**Hough you are more than One Letter in arrears to me already, for which (according to the Rules of Correspondence) I might well expect your Returns e're

I gave you further Credit; yet being providentially furnish'd with Extraordinary Matter, I am easily enclin'd to run you one other Letter into my Debt, the Contents of which will be (indeed!)

A

but

but too Sad and Surprizing. — I am not unsensible that upon such a Melancholy Occasion I could have address'd my self to several, more properly than to your self; blessed be God, you are not of that unhappy number, that in *Works*, and even in *Words*, Deny the Divine Being; nor dares you entertain the least Thought tending to the Contempt of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, *God over All, Blessed for ever!* Neither the *Atheism*, nor the more pernicious *Socinianism* (I was about to call it) of this Profane Age has Tainted your truly Christian Soul: And yet I think the Terrible Instance I have before me, of God's Indignation against those *Damnable Sins*, will not to you be disadvantageously communicated. It may, at least, tend to Establish you in your most Holy Religion; and thus no doubt but it will be dispers'd by you, much more than by one less seriously dispos'd. And truly, I think such a singular Relation cannot be made too Publick in our Age, wherein all manner of Licentiousness does abound! But before I acquaint you with Particulars, give me leave to tell you, That you may relate what you shall have from me with all the Assurance in the World. My Evidence is a very Honest Credible Person, who *saw* and *heard* most of what follows, and who had the rest from *Eye and Ear-Witnesses*. But I have no Reason to imagin that the Truth of this *Divine Tragedy* will be call'd into any Question; it is known over a great part of the County, and was not so long since acted, but that upon Enquiry, full Satisfaction may be had about it from Persons of the best Credit. And now, without more Pre-

face, I shall give you a Faithful Account of Matter of Fact.

At *Downam*, near *Clithero*, in *Lancashire*, there liv'd one *T. B.* (the full of his Name, for his surviving Relations sake, is conceal'd,) about Thirty six Years of Age, well known in that Town, at his Death especially by the Office he then bore of *Churchwarden*. This Miserable Creature, notwithstanding the good Education which his better Parents had bestow'd upon him, had for a great while indulg'd himself in an Excess of Wickedness, but chiefly in a Sacrilegious Abuse of the *Lord's-Day*, on which he would use any unlawful Exercises: Nor did his Office restrain him from committing this Abomination, but as if he (who should have been First in Punishing) Prided himself in being the Ring-leader of the *Sabbath-Breakers*, he would not only Privately, and at Home, but in the very open Streets, Revel and Sport on that *Holy Day*. For this, and his other Provocations, it pleas'd God so to leave him to the Devil and himself, that he became guilty of such horrid Blasphemy as procur'd (it is to be fear'd) his Ruine in both Worlds. The Manner of it take thus. — On the 26th. Day of *August*, 1694. being *Lord's-Day* (the Day of his sinful Excesses) he gave his Attendance at Church; and after Service, with the Minister that preach'd there that Day, he went to the Ale-house, where he stay'd not long ere he remov'd to his own House; in which seeing a Bible lie on a Table, he takes it up, and turning to the 9th. Chapter of *St. Matthew*, bursts out into this horrid Expression, *Christ is a Liar!* Upon this, says one that

that was by, *How dare you speak such Blasphemous Words?* The Wretch, pointing then to the 16th. and 17th. Verses of that Chapter, (where our Blessed Saviour saith, *No Man putteth a piece of New Cloth into an Old Garment, neither do Men put New Wine into Old Bottles,*) cries out, *Why look here, he proves himself a Liar in these two things, besides many more places in the Bible.*

That Night he was struck with much Sadness and Sighing, which grew upon him every Day more than other for that whole Week, in which he kept much upon the Bed, very little to speak, or indeed, to take any notice of Worldly Concerns. The *Lord's-Day* following he seem'd much more *Troubl'd in Mind,* and *Terrify'd in Conscience,* and he desir'd a Neighbour's Company all Night: He would have Pray'd, but could not: His Sister, at his Request, read by him, but he appear'd little affected with what he heard. Two Days more he continu'd Tossing about in the Room, keeping much upon his Bed, and Torturing himself. On *Wednesday*, several Neighbours and Others hearing of his grievous Condition, came into the Chamber to him; when suddenly he cries out, *Turn, Turn, Turn,* (many times together,) *Shut the Door, Christ is going to leave me.* With that, some step'd to the Door and shut it; but he having his Eyes still fix'd upon it, with a very hideous Noise, cry'd out, *It was too late, Christ was quite gone and left him, he was Damn'd for ever; He is gone, He is gone; it is too late, it is too late; I am Damn'd for evermore.* This he repeated frequently; and all that Day he cried out of the *Torments of Hell,* and that he saw the *Flames of Fire there,* and that he was

hanging over the *Flames*; and (says he) *Hell is a Hundred thousand Fathoms deep, and I am sinking Deeper and Deeper therein.* He added, *That he saw a Numberless Number there which he knew not, only One particular Person he mention'd, with whom he had been very Conversant, and from whom he was supposed to have contracted abundance of Guilt.* His Relations, and the rest with him, were very much affrighted and troubled at his Expressions and Behaviour, but especially to see his *Ghostly and Terrifying Looks*: They spoke together of sending for the Minister, and some Godly Persons to Pray with him: But he taking notice of what they said, told them, *That it was now too late either to Pray for him, or to tell him any thing of Christ; And for You too* (says he, turning to one of his nearest Relations) *unless you Repent soon.* And further, he told them, *That if there were Hundreds and Thousands of Ministers to Pray for him, it was all to no purpose, it was too late.*

After this time, he would not endure to hear of Prayer, or Reading the Bible, nor would so much as suffer any to take a Bible in their Hands; nay, so great a Torment did the Sight of a Bible, or Hearing of Prayer seem to him, that upon either, he'd cry out, *Let me go, Let me go; I will not stay here.* And the Minister coming to him with a Book in his Hand, he would have struck it out; and tossing and rousing his Body, he us'd all the means he could to get out of the Room, all along crying out, *Do you not see the Fire flaming in Hell, and the Lake of Hell Fire, and the Depth of Hell, which cannot be fathom'd: O Hell-Fire! Hell-fire! Fire of Hell! Fire of Hell! Oh, how I sink down in it!* Thus

he continu'd Crying out, to the great Amazement and Terrour of all the Company, all that Day, and part of the Night; and the next Day he was *Speechless*: And upon *Friday*, the 7th. of *September*, 1694. he Expir'd, in the Morning. His Body, for several Hours after his Death, Sweating very apparently.

And thus have I briefly made you this fearful Relation, after which I shall but add my hearty Prayers for Our Selves, and for all whose Ears are made to Tingle with this dreadful Report, That

we may be preserved continually, by the Grace of God, from Profaning his Holy Day; and above all, from *Villifying* the Glorious Person of our Lord and Saviour *Jesus Christ*, to forewarn Men of the *horrid* Danger whereof this Milerable Wretch seems to be set up, by Divine Providence, a Terrible and Speaking Monument!

But here I shall bid you Farewell, and with due Respects to your Self, and the good Ladies your Sisters, in great haste, I subscribe my self,

Dear S I R,

*Yours most Affectionately.*

Manchester,  
Decemb. 10.  
1694.



L O N D O N,

Printed for *John Whitlock*, near *Stationers-Hall*, 1694.

